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ONE TRIUMPHANT HOST.

He who, in fealty to the truth,
  And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
  He joins the noble host!

He who, with calm, undaunted will,
  Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,—
  He joins the faithful host!

He who is ready for the cross,
  The cause despised loves most;
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
  He joins the martyr host!

All these, the messengers of God,
  To every age and coast
  Proclaim his righteous will abroad,—
  One glad triumphant host!

—Samuel Longfellow.

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THE PACIFIC

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SEVERAL NATIONS WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

It is a familiar story—that of the two men who went up into the temple to pray. One, judging him by his prayer, seemed to be unconscious of any wrong-doing on his part; the other confessed his sins and his unworthiness, and asked the mercy of God. He came from the temple justified.,

Of late all the great nations of the world have gone up into the temple to pray—our own one of the number. But unlike that event on that day of old, all are praying the same prayer. Each one stands in the temple of God and declares that his cause is a righteous one. But not only this, each appears to be largely unconscious of any sins or mistakes on its part that may have contributed either directly or indirectly to the bringing on of the war, or to its entrance into the struggle after it was precipitated. Nor does there seem to be any wide-spread sense of individual sin. How any one of these nations can possibly come down out of the temple justified, we are unable to see. All this is ominous.

On the 30th of March, 1863, President Lincoln issued a proclamation appointing a day of national humiliation fasting, and prayer, which reads like the deliverances of some of the ancient prophets. It was in part:

"Whereas, it is the duty of nations as well as of men to own their dependence upon the over-ruling power of God, to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon; and to recognize the sublime truth, announced in the holy scriptures, and proven by all history, that only those nations are blessed whose God is the Lord;

"And insomuch as we know that by His divine law nations, like individuals, are subject to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war which now desolates the land may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people?

"We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven. We have been preserved these many yeasr in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power, as no other nation has ever grown; but we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined in the deceitfulness of our hearts that all those blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God who made us.

"It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended Power, and confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness."

For some reason the large majority of our people, those within the Church as well as those without, do not appear to be thinking as President Lincoln thought in the dark and trying days of the Civil War—as evidenced in the proclamation from which we have quoted, and also in his second inaugural address.

In that address Lincoln spoke of the unexpected magnitude and duration to which the war had attained, and with reference to its prolongation remarked: "The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences, and yet it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid for with another drawn with the sword—as was said three thousand years ago, so still must it be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' "

At another time during the war Lincoln set forth certain thoughts that call for our serious consideration at this time. These, it is said, were not intended for others, but were written out as a meditation on the Divine Will, the expression of a soul trying to come into perfect harmony with the Divine.

"The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be wrong; one must be wrong. God cannot be for and against the same thing at the same time. In the present civil war it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party; and yet the human instrumentalities, working just as they do, are of the best adaptation to effect his purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true—that God wills this contest and wills that it shall not end yet. By his mere great power on the minds of the contestants he could have either saved or destroyed the Union without a human contest. Yet the contest began. And having begun, he could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds."

It was on the 30th of September, 1862, that Lincoln wrote the foregoing words. Later in that same year he said to the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Washington and several others who had called at the White House to talk with him: "The ways of God are mysterious and profound beyond all comprehension. 'Who by searching can find him out?' Now, judging after the manner of men, taking counsel of our sympathies and feelings, if it had been left to us to determine it, we would have had no war. And, going further back to the occasion of it, we would have had no slavery. And, tracing it still further back, we would have had no evil. There is the mystery of

the universe, which no man can solve, and it is at that point that the human understanding backs down; and there is nothing left but for the heart of man to take up faith and believe and trust where it cannot reason. Now, I believe we are all agents of Divine Providence. On both sides we are working out the will of God. Yet how strange the spectacle! Here is one-half of the nation prostrated in prayer that God will help them to destroy the Union and build up a government on the corner-stone of human bondage. And here is the other half equally earnest in their prayers and efforts to defeat a purpose which they regard as so repugnant to their ideas of human nature and the rights of society, as well as liberty and independence. They want slavery; we want freedom. They want a servile class; we want to make equality practical as far as possible. And they are Christians and we are Christians. They and we are praying and fighting for results exactly the opposite. What must God think of such a posture of affairs? There is but one solution—self-deception."

A little later in this conversation Lincoln remarked: "What I am to do in the present emergency time will determine. I hold myself in my present position and with the authority vested in me as an instrument of Providence. I have my own views and purposes, I have my convictions of duty, and my notions of what is right to be done. But I am conscious every moment that all I am and all I have is subject to the control of a Higher Power, and that Power can use me or not use me in any manner, and at any time as his wisdom and might may be pleasing to him. Nevertheless I am no fatalist. I believe in the supremacy of the human conscience, and that men are responsible beings; that God has a right to hold them, and will hold them to a strict personal account for the deeds done in the body." And then abruptly Lincoln broke off with the words: "But, sirs, I do not mean to give you a lecture upon the doctrines of the Christian religion."

And then he concluded: "These are simply with me the convictions and realities of great and vital truths, the power and demonstration of which I see now in the light of this our national struggle as I have never seen before. God only knows the issue of this business. He has destroyed nations from the map of history for their sins. Nevertheless, my hopes prevail generally above my fears for our Republic. The times are dark, the spirits of ruin are abroad in all their power, and the mercy of God alone can save us."

In his meditation of September 30, 1862, Lincoln wrote: In the present civil war it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party, and that he was almost ready to say that God willed the contest and willed that it should not end yet.

The outcome shows that God's purpose was different from Lincoln's purpose at that time. At that date Lincoln was willing to let slavery continue if he could save the Union. God's purpose was to destroy slavery and also to save the Union. When God's purpose became Lincoln's purpose and he issued the Emancipation Proclamation the turning-point of our Civil War was reached. Not many months thereafter came those two great victories—Vicksburg and Gettysburg. Nevertheless the war went on for more than two years after the Emancipation Proclamation was issued; and it was in March, 1865, that Lincoln spoke the words: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still must it be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

In the face of such thoughts as these by the "Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century," perhaps the greatest man since Jesus of Nazareth, we are wondering what God must be thinking about the present posture of affairs in and among the great nations of the world. What are his thoughts as they stand in his temple, each declaring the righteousness of its cause, with very little consciousness, or confession of sin, each setting forth what ought to come out of this war, and what shall come out of it even if to bring it about it be necessary to drench the earth with the blood of the last available fighting man!

We believe that the nations of the world will realize what seems probable now that God's purpose in this war is something very different from the purpose of either side. In the meantime, He that sitteth in the heavens will not hold them in derision, but will look on them with pity, will suffer with them, as he chastens and moulds them; and so for all our prayer is:

"O God, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech Thee for all sorts and conditions of men; that Thou wouldst be pleased to make Thy ways known unto them; Thy saving health to all nations."

IS MANKIND WORTHY OF PEACE?

This question is asked in the last number of the International Journal of Ethics, by Walter M. Urban of Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. It is a startling question. Mayhap. it would be well for mankind to take stock so as to see whether it is near to bankruptcy—whether worth saving. or whether it can be saved.

The author writes: "We hear much of the ignobility of 'peace at any price.' Ordinarily it refers to peace at the expense of national honor or supreme interest. But the same principle may be extended even to the ideal of universal peace itself. Let us assume that the longed-for goal were reached; that war were definitely abolished, that all the nations on this terrestrial ball formed a world state, etc. There would still be the question whether mankind would be worthy of all this glory. Suppose this pacified human race consisted wholly of men given up to material interests and pleasures. little souls without any sense for the great and the noble—to what end were such a race of pitiful souls in existence at all? Suppose international peace were assured for all time, but only because mankind had become a race of weaklings and cowards, whose need of peace arose only from fear of pain and death—what would this everlasting peace be worth? Suppose finally. such a peace, brought about only by egoistic and material interests, were used only for the peaceful exploitation of the lives and energies of men? Would this age be better than an age of iron, of successive wars of noble virile nations pursuing their ideals, and after the work of war is done, turning all their energies to science and the arts and crafts? Enough! Peace in itself is not unconditionally desirable. It is not a categorical, but only an hypothetical imperative. Quite apart from the question whether such a peace should be lasting, it would be wholly lacking in worth."

In the course of this article on "Is Mankind Worthy of Peace?" We find this: "Everywhere, even within the most civilized societies and states. endless strife rules—strife between classes and parties, between labor and capital; and often enough, despite the entrance of the police and even the military arm of the state itself, it ends in bloody

war, with its quota of dead and wounded. How can one expect that, when even within the single state or nation strife and war have no end. they can be ended between individual nations which recognize no common end. no **summa potestas?** 'If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?' This is not merely religion. it is good psychology and common sense. Surely its quotation here is neither irreverent nor beside the mark.

"Or again, is it not usually the very minds who minimize the value of law in the individual state, because forsooth 'law cannot make men good,' who expect wonders from it in precisely that sphere where it lacks the very power that gives it force; who when the most sacred rights of the individual in national and civic life are violated in the interest of business and property. still expect that the more intangible and uncertain customs misnamed international law, will hold against the strain of nations and cultures fighting for their existence; and who, when their own civic and national life is shot through with 'official lies' are shocked when the 'scrap of paper' appears in international relations?"

The author says further: "To talk of the principles of humanity and liberty in politics, and not see that they apply equally to commerce, is to talk either as a knave or a fool—probably a little of both. The first condition of the enforcement of peace is to stand against those principles and methods in peace that lead directly to war. I am not saying that savage commercialism is not necessary and inevitable. Perhaps it is. My sole contention is that the civilization in which it is inevitable is incapable of peace. Still, more, that the civilization incapable of seeing its own irony is both intellectually and morally unworthy of it."

We turn from this startling question and article, "Is Mankind Worthy of Peace?" to the daily newspapers and read that on the 18th of June two thousand machinists at the plant of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York, struck as a protest against the employment of a negro; we recall the riots in East St. Louis a few weeks ago—a part of an effort to prevent some of the negroes driven out of the South, by the awful exploitation going on there for many decades, from settling in that city; we read of the powerful lobbies at Washington working to defeat proposed legislation that will not allow the profiteer to rob the people while the war is going on; we contemplate the fact that in the last five months there have been taken out of the pockets of our people for flour alone two hundred and fifty million dollars above the normal profit for manufacturers and distributors; we realize that this is but one of the gigantic robberies—the print paper exorbitant prices registering another one of the many—and that there are thousands more of them, big and little, coming right down into the circles in which we all are living,—taking the hard-earned dollars out of the pockets of people struggling for a bare subsistence; we see that all this is only the little more rabid working than usual of a system of business and industry which many people believe to be a system handed down out of heaven and expected to last forever—a system bad enough for many years but permitted now to manifest its satanic principles as never before; further, we contemplate much more all over our own land and all over the world that ought not to be, that cannot be for long if life is to continue on this planet—we contemplate all these things, and we cannot conclude that mankind is yet worthy of peace.

To have the real self waken within, and so to realize the quality of personal life, is religion

BROTHERHOOD ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

Two weeks ago The Pacific chronicled the tender and pathetic relationship of Prince Frederich Karl of Prussia, in his last days as a prisoner in a war hospital, and a British chaplain who ministered to him. He thought that God had been with him and was still with him because of the care given by his captors and he had no regrets. He had done his best, he said, fighting for his country. He wanted to live and when the war was over go back and help to build up his nation again. That chaplain and that dying boy came into deep spiritual oneness. We thought of this when this week we came across the following in one of the great British Reviews:

"Many touching stories might be told of the sympathy which unites the combatants when they find themselves lying side by side, wounded and helpless, in shell holes and copses, or in the open plain after engagements. The ruling spirit which animates the soldiers in the fury of the fight is, as it seems to me, self-preservation. He kills or disable so that he may not be killed or disabled. Each side in their own opinion are waging a purely defensive war. So it is that the feeling of hostility subsides once the sense of danger is removed by the enemy being put out of action, and each side sees in its captives, not devils or barbarians, but fellowmen. Especially among the wounded British and Germans do these sentiments prevail as they lie stricken together on the field of battle. In a dim way they pitifully regard each other as hapless victims caught in the vortex of the greatest of human tragedies, and they sometimes wonder why it was they fought each other at all. They try to help each other, to ease each other's sufferings, to staunch each other's wounds, to give each other comfort in their sore distress."

A letter written by a French cavalry officer as he lay wounded and dying was picked up later by a Red Cross worker. This was his story: "There are two other men lying near me, and I do not think there is much hope for them either. One is an officer of a Scotch regiment and the other a private in the Uhlans. They were struck down after me, and when I came to myself I found them bending over me rendering first aid. The Britisher was pouring water down my throat from his flask while the German was endeavoring to staunch my wound with an antiseptic preparation served out to them by their medical corps. The Highlander had one of his legs shattered and the German had several pieces of shrapnel buried in his side. In spite of their own sufferings they were trying to help me, and when I was fully conscious again the German gave us a morphia injection and took one himself. His medical corps had provided him with the injection and the needle together with printed instructions for its use. After this injection, feeling wonderfully at ease, we spoke of the lives we had lived before the war. We all spoke English, and we talked of the women we had left at home. I German and the Briton had been married only a year. I wondered, and I suppose the others did, why we had fought each other at all. I looked at the Highlander, who was falling asleep exhausted, and in spite of his drawn face and mud-stained uniform, he looked the embodiment of freedom. Then I thought of the tri-color of France and all that France had done for liberty. Then I watched the German, who had ceased to speak. He had taken a prayer-book from his knapsack and was trying to read a service for soldiers wounded in battle."

The letter closed with mention of the failing light and the constant roar of guns.

A wounded French officer has told of a pathetic incident near where he was lying at the close of a battle.

Among his companions in suffering were two who were near to death. One was a German, a private in the Uhlans, the other a private in the Royal Irish Dragoons. The Irishman, after painful effort, succeeded in getting from his pocket a rosary of beads with a crucifix attached. Then in a low voice he began the invocations to the Blessed Virgin: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus." The German lying near stirred with the movements of a man weak with pain and loss of blood, in a dazed condition, but able to sense what was going on, and he made in his own tongue this response to the invocation: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now at the hour of death." The voices of the German and the Irishman intermingled thus in address and prayer—the wrapt ejaculations of the Irishman, the deep guttural of the German. They grew weaker and weaker and finally were hushed on earth forever.

Among the last words of Edith Cavell, that morning when she went to her death at the command of the German military officer in Belgium. were: "Standing as I do in view of God and eternity. I realize that patriotism is not enough; I must have no hatred or bitterness toward any one."..

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis said in a Y. M. C. A. address a few weeks ago in New York City that he could forgive the Germans when he saw the Kaiser, von Tirpitz, and Bethmann-Hollweg hanging and riddled with bullets. We wonder whether this rabid-preacher hater might not find a different feeling breaking out from him if he and the Kaiser were lying together, wounded and dying on some battlefield in France. With the light of Eternity in his face Dr. Hillis might be able to conclude that the Kaiser is not such a monster as some persons think him to be. But if not this, surely Dr. Hillis would, in his dying hour, soon to pass into the presence of the Master, pray the prayer that was prayed on Calvary, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING."

A Sermon by Washington Gladden.

Sunday, June 10, Dr. Washington Gladden spoke in the First Congregational Church of Columbus, Ohio, on "God, the Invisible King," the new book by H. G. Wells, author of "Mr. Britling Sees it Through." Dr. Gladden took as text the words of Job, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" His thought was as follows:

"Most men expect to find him by searching, but as Job strongly testifies the search is often fruitless. They often search in the wrong places, and do not know what it is they are looking for. Not seldom they find him but do not know him.

"One could hardly imagine that in a world so torn with slaughter and scored with hatred as is this present world, any clear signs of the presence of God would be discoverable. But it was in the present world that Mr. Britling found him. Some of us have followed with profound interest that late discovery. The story of Mr. Britling is something more than a novel. It reveals to us some of the deepest secrets of the religious life. And this new book, 'God the Invisible King,' is the answer which one of the most penetrating and prolific minds of this generation can give to the greatest questions which challenge the human intelligence.

"Mr. Wells has not, indeed, been a religionist. I should have said that he was rather averse to the discussion of religious themes—that he was disposed to be one of those positive agnostics who not only do not know anything about religion, but are inclined to contend that nothing can be known—that people who pretend to know are just pretending. But in Mr. Britling that attitude was most strenuously renounced. 'Religion,' said Mr. Britling, 'is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end.' That tremendous affirmation is the unflinching contention of 'God the Invisible King.'

"I cannot easily evade the conviction that there is something significant and representative in the action of this mind. It is not an isolated, or sporadic experience. It is an indication of the kind of changes which have been going on during the past two or three years in thoughtful minds. It has been my belief from the beginning, as many of you will bear witness, that this war must have tremendous consequences, revolutionary consequences; that impending retributions, sometimes overdue, were likely to smash a good deal of what we had spent our lives putting together, and to sweep into the rubbish heap a lot of our accumulated wisdom; and that such overturnings were rather more likely to occur in theology and religion than in politics and sociology; that the churches, even more inevitably than the natoins, were at the forks of the road, and must be making up their minds which way they were going.

"I should think that it must be evident by this time that the national life of the people is undergoing the most drastic and revolutionary reconstruction; that the old order is gone, never to return; and it should not be difficult for rational men to recognize the fact that the religious life of the world is undergoing changes no less momentous. It is to these changes that our attention is called in this remarkable book.

"We have no infallible prophets or apostles now; in fact we have never had any. None of us can afford to follow Mr. Wells nor anybody else abjectly; neither can we afford to disregard the voice of a teacher so lucid, so resolute, so dead-in-earnest in his search for what seem to him the fundamental realities of life.

"This religion, which the writer declares to be the one central, inevitable, indispensable element of life, is not a new discovery, nor is it anything obscure or remote from human experience. 'It has no founder, it points to no origins. It is the Truth, its believers declare; it has always been here; it has always been visible to those who have eyes to see. It is perhaps plainer than it was and to more people—that is all.' The writer tells us that he 'has found this faith growing up in himself; he has found it, or something very difficult to distinguish from it, growing independently in the minds of men and women he has met. They have been people of very different origins; English, Americans, Bengalis, Russians, French, people brought up "in a Catholic atmosphere," Positivists, Baptists, Sikhs, Mohammedans. Their diversity of source is as remarkable as their convergence of tendency. A miscellany of minds, thinking upon parallel lines, has come out to the same light. The new teaching is also traceable in many professedly Christian books and it is to be heard from Christian pulpits.'

"That is a reassuring suggestion. If there is any such reapproachment of the variant faiths, it is a hopeful sign. The next statement, however, may give us pause: 'Perhaps the most fundamental difference between this new faith and any recognized form of Christianity is that, knowingly or unknowingly, it worships a finite God. Directly the believer is fairly confronted with the plain questions of the case, the vague identifications that are still made with one or all of the persons of the Trinity dissolve away. He will admit that his God is neither all-wise, nor all-powerful, nor omni-present; that he is neither the maker of heaven nor

earth, and that he has little to identify him with that hereditary God of the Jews who became the Father in the Christion system. On the other hand he will assert that his God is a God of salvation; that he is a spirit, a person, a strongly marked and knowable personality, loving, inspiring and lovable, who exists or strives to exist in every human soul.'

"The conception of God as finite is not, after all, so much of a novelty. John Stuart Mill queried whether the idea of an infinite being would fit into our redemption scheme, and William James has made us familiar with the idea of the universe as a plurality of powers. I question whether the clear recognition of the moral freedom of man did not, when it was first broached, imply a limit on the absoluteism of the deity. Those of us who have been having our troubles for a long time in reconciling the moral character of God with the metaphysical notion of his infinity and his absolutism, are probably disposed to listen to the suggestion of a finite God. It seems to imply first of all that God is human, and that is the one thing of which we need to make ourselves sure.

"The great affirmations which are coupled with this conception are more significant. This believer declares that his God is a God of salvation, that he is a spirit, a person, a strongly marked and knowable personality, loving, inspiring and lovable, who exists or who strives to exist in every human soul. For myself I am quite sure that faith in such a God as that would be worth a great deal more to me than any amount of belief in a metaphysical infinite.

"The trouble with our religion hitherto, as Mr. Wells diagnoses the case, is that we have tried to blend two elements which were not assimilable—the true God and an unknown, unknowable, unmoral force, which he describes as the Veiled Being. What he says about this is not for kindergartners, but these are questions which grown men and women must not blink.

" 'At the back of all known things there is an impenetrable curtain; the ultimate of existence is a Veiled Being which seems to know nothing of life or death, of good or ill. Of that being, whether it is simple or complex or divine we know nothing; to us it is no more than the limit of understanding, the unknown beyond.'

"Some day in the endless future this mystery may be unveiled; for the present, however, what we call Nature is an enigma. 'It is altogether outside good and evil and love and hate. It is outside God, who is love and goodness.' And forth from this Veiled Being comes another, 'the maker of our world, Life, the Will to Be.'

"But this life-force is not God. 'It is a breeding, fighting thing; it pants through the jungle-track as the tiger, it lifts itself toward heaven as the tree; it is the rabbit bolting for its life and the dove calling to its mate; it crawls, it flies, it dives, it lusts and devours, it pursues and eats itself in order to live still more eagerly and hastily; it is every living thing; out of it are our passions and desires and fears. * * * It is conceived of as both good and evil. It gives all the pain and conflict of life, it gives also the joy of the sunshine, the delight and hope of youth, the pleasures. If it has elaborated a hundred thousand sorts of parasites, it has also moulded the beautiul limbs of man and woman, it has shaped the slug and the flower. And in it, as part of it, taking its rewards, responding to its goads, struggling against the final abandonment to death, do we all live, as the beasts live, glad, angry, sorrowful, revengeful, hopeful, weary, disgusted, forgetful, lustful, happy excited, bored, in pain, mood after mood, but always fearing death, with no certainty and no coherence within us, until we find God.'

And when or how do we find him? Not in this complex of things, not in the places where men have always been searching for him. We find him in ourselves. 'God is within,' this witness testifies. 'God comes, we know not whence, into the conflict of life. He works in men and through men. He is a spirit, a single spirit and a single person. * * * He is the immortal part and leader of mankind. By our poor scales of measurement he is boundless love, boundless courage, boundless generosity. He is thought and a steadfast will. He is our friend and brother and the light of the world. * * *For a time there is a curious resistance to the suggestion that God is truly a person; he is spoken of preferably by such phrases as the Purpose of Things, as the Racial Consciousness, as the Collective Mind. Then suddenly, in a little while, in his own time, God comes. The cardinal experience is an undoubting, immediate sense of God. It is the attainment of an absolute certainty that one is not alone in oneself. It is as if one was touched at every point by a being akin to oneself, beyond measure wiser, steadfast and pure in aim. Closer is he than breathing and nearer than hands or feet.'

" 'The moment may come while we are alone in the darkness, under the stars, or while we walk by ourselves or in a crowd, or while we sit and muse. It may come upon the sinking ship or in the tumult of battle. There is no saying when it may not come to us. But after it has come, our lives are changed; God is with us and there is no more doubt of God. One is assured that there is a power that fights with us against the confusion and evil within and without.'

This reads like a transcript from experience. I cannot extend these citations. It is only here and there that I have touched this argument, much that is needed to give it coherency has been omitted. One point is strongly insisted on: The God whom it seeks to reveal is not an abstraction or a generalization; he is a person. 'He is our King to whom we must be loyal; he is our captain and to know him is to have direction in our lives. He feels us and knows us; he is helped and gladdened by us. He hopes and attempts. God is no abstraction, nor trick of words, no infinite. He is as real as a bayonet thrust or an embrace. * * * His nature is of the nature of thought and will. * * * He is a being of the minds and in the minds of men. He is in immediate contact with all who apprehend him. With our eyes he looks out upon the universe he invades, with our hands he lays hands upon it. * * * He is the undying human memory, the increasing human will. * * * You may declare that this is no God but merely the sum of mankind. But those who believe in the new ideas very steadfastly deny that. God is, they say, not an aggregate, but a synthesis. He is not merely the best of all of us, but a being in himself, composed of that but more than that, as a temple is more than a gathering of stones, or a regiment more than an accumulation of men.'

"Here and there is a flash that kindles: 'God is youth.' It is a misconception to picture him as the 'Ancient of Days.' 'If a figure may represent him it must be the figure of a beautiful youth, already brave and wise but hardly come to his strength. He should stand lightly on his feet in the morning time, eager to go forward, as though he had but newly arisen to a day that was still but a promise; his eyes should be as bright as swords; his lips should fall apart with eagernes for the great adventure before him, and he hould be in very fresh and golden harness, reflecting the rising sun.'

"These gleanings of mine from this stirring book have not touched half its chapters. We may be constrained to

make qualifications, but I have said, how often, as I have been reading its burning pages, would to God I could get the people of my church, and the people of my city to believe in such a God as this! Some of you, I am sure would not find it difficult to believe, but all of you would be strengthened and heartened to have the faith confessed so triumphantly and so convincingly.

"Mr. Wells begins this book with the denial that he is a Christian. I think his denial is ill-advised. He is not the kind of religionist which he has supposed Chrstianity to call for, but I think his definitions of Christianity are inaccurate. I have spent a good many years in the endeavor to find out what Christianity is, and if what I have been reading in these pages is not the very marrow of the Gospel of Christ I should be at a loss to know where to look for it. And while I have no wish nor purpose to be other than such a Christian as Jesus meant all his disciples to be, I should fail of a great obligation if I dd not conconfess that this book has helped me to understand a little better what kind of a being our God is, and what kind of a man a Christian ought to be."

DRASTIC WAR DEPARTMENT REGULATIONS IN INTEREST OF SOLDIERS' MORALS.

The War Department is going vigorously after saloons, brothels, bawdy houses, and houses of ill fame in the zones surrounding the training camps of the army. Last week the notorious resorts at El Paso and San Antonio were closed. The War Department is determined to protect the soldiers. A letter was sent out last week to mayors, chiefs of police and chairmen of state commitees of defense, enclosing the new Congressional law and saying that where these laws are not obeyed training camps will be removed from the section in which they are placed and, if necessary, from the state. This will absolutely be made good.

This order of the War Department covers the mobolization camps, officers' training camps and all army camps. Hitherto it has not applied to naval camps like those at Philadelphia and Brooklyn, but a decision rendered June 9 interprets it to apply to them.

Sections 12 and 13 of the army bill (H. R. 3445) provide in substance as follows:

The President has power to make regulations governing the prohibition of alcoholic liquors in and near military camps, except that liquors are absolutely prohibited within all camps, forts and officers' or enlisted men's clubs. It is unlawful to sell intoxicating liquors, including beer, ale or wine, to any officer or member of the military forces while in uniform except for medicinal purposes. The Secretary of War is empowered and directed to do everything necessary to suppress and prevent the keeping or setting up of houses of ill fame, brothels or bawdy houses within such distance from military camps, etc., as he may deem advisable and severe penalties are provided for those who violate these restrictions.

In his letter to the officials of the states and cities the Secretary of War, among other things, has this to say:

"In the training camps already established or soon to be established, large bodies of men, selected primarily from the youth of the country, will be gathered together for a period of intensive discipline and training. The greater proportion of this force probably will be made up of young men who have not yet become accustomed to contact with either the saloon or the prostitute, and who will be at that plastic and generous period of life when their service to their country should be surrounded by safeguards against temptations to which they are not accustomed.

"Our responsibility in this matter is not open to question. We cannot allow these young men, most of whom will have been drafted to service, to be surrounded by a vicious and demoralizing environment, nor can we leave anything undone which will keep them from unhealthy influences and crude forms of temptation. Not only have we an inescapable responsibility in this matter to the families and communities from which these young men are selected, but, from the standpoint of our duty and our determination to create an efficient army, we are bound, as a military necessity, to do everything in our power to promote the health and conserve the vitality of the men in the training camps.

"I am determined that our new training camps, as well as the surrouding zones within an effective radius, shall not be places of temptation and peril."

Mr. Baker suggests another important matter in the control of these zones about the camps, the co-operation of the authorities and people of the communities within these zones. Referring to this, Mr. Baker goes on to say:

"As I say, the War Department intends to do its full part in these matters, but we expect the co-operation and support of the local communities. If the desired end cannot otherwise be achieved, I propose to move the camps from those neighborhoods in which clean conditions cannot be secured."

The Commission on Training Camp Activities which the Secretary of War has appointed to advise with him on these matters consists of the following well-known persons:

RAYMOND B. FOSDICK, Chairman.
LEE F. HANMER
THOMAS J. HOWELLS
MALCOLM L. McBRIDE
JOHN R. MOTT
CHARLES P. NEILL
MAJOR PALMER E. PIERCE U. S. A.
JOSEPH E. RAYCROFT.

TO THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA FROM THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

"In the Name of God: Amen."

To the Congregational Churches of the United States we the Congregational Churches of England and Wales in Council assembled send greetings of hearty fellowship. We have heard with joy the good tidings that your nation makes common cause with ours against a faithless and inhuman policy that would dominate and devastate the world Our hearts are so thrilled that we cannot forbear from expression.

Impelled by sense of justice and by abhorrence of the confessed perfidy of Germany, our nation in August, 1914, adventured herself for the Right and we have consecrated all our resources to that high service. For nearly three years, with our daughter-nations beside us, in alliance with the sons of France, we have borne the fiery ordeal of the German attack on the Western Front. Our foes have regarded no covenants of humanity, nor stayed at any horror or wickedness that seemed to serve their own immediate expediency. These things are known through all the world. A scourge of hideous cruelty overhangs the peoples.

We knew that we had your sympathy but there were times when we found it difficult to understand why we had not your concurrence. Now we see that in truth you delayed only that you might be sure of the issues beyond all possibility of mis-judgment and your verdict is the more

valued by us for that very reason. You delayed until your words should be deeds, until your judgment should be made effective by your strength. With unreserving hearts we thank you and rejoice. We knew that we were soldiers of the Right but your action has reinforced our convictions. You have felt that we are engaged in a bitter struggle for human liberty. You understand and we are glad with new courage.

By the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, memory dear to you and to us, we salute you as dear friends and chivalrous comrades.

To your country's declaration of unselfish aims we add the same assurance on our own behalf. We seek only to destroy the oppression of military despotism, which has for its own base purposes loosed this woe upon the world.

In the interlocking of our peoples in united effort for this end we rejoice greatly and we confidently expect therefrom great good to all the world. So may it be!

With all our hearts' love we commend you to the Benedictions of God and we fervently pray that together with our staunch and gallant allies we may, in the words of your illustrious President, "plant peace upon the trusted foundations of political liberty."

In loyalty to our common Lord, we subscribe ourselves yours in the bonds of faith, hope and love,

BERNARD J. SNELL, Chairman of the Union.
A. J. SHEPHEARD, Chairman of the Council.
J. D. JONES, Ex-Chairman of the Union.
E. GRIFFITH-JONES, Chairman-Elect of the Union.
RICHARD J. WELLS, Secretary of the Union.

WHAT I WOULD SACRIFICE FOR MY COUNTRY.

Clyde Shepard.

The greatest sacrifice I can make for my country—the thing that costs the most and goes the farthest—is to give up the old view of life. To depose the venerable, well-known and honored first law of nature, and to enthrone in its place the law of patriotism, or as some would prefer to call it, the law of God.

The extent of a sacrifice is not determined by the objective form it takes, but by the motive which prompts it. fessions, flags, demonstrations, even activities, do not ne. sarily mean patriotism or sacrifice. A young man, recently enlisted, said to a friend, "I think I'm getting a good thing. I think I will get a commission, and we are not likely to see any service. Jack made more money while he was at the border than he ever did before. I think I'll be in better shape every way when the war is over." Thus does the seeming sacrifice show itself to be scheming selfishness.

My country is now engaged in a sublime effort, and at the cost of comfort and safety. She needs me, perhaps, as she never has before. I am willing to give her my heart, which is the source of all actions. My selfishness as the determining factor of life gives way to my country's good.

This is the supreme sacrifice. If the unseen cravings of my soul are for the nation's good rather than my own; if I am anxious like the hound straining upon the leash, to be off in her service; if I am willing to plod, and hunger, and weep and bleed, but content without the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums; if I seek to do the thing the old eagle would scream to me as from lofty height he surveys the world, then I have made the sacrifice.

The laws which we will pass are but to compel men to do what this patriotism would prompt them to do. Prohibition, food conservation, money, enlistment, follow just as surely upon the great sacrifice as they do upon laws decreeing them. The law of the land in war-time are to make men act like they had the essence of the matter in their hearts.

I ought to have done this thing long ago. I ought always to have been sober, economical, self-sacrificing, glorifying my life's little efforts by consecrating them to the building of a Christian civilization, rather than prostituting my opportunities to make for me a fortune or a place or name.. Patriotism is of the same stuff in peace as in war. Selfishness may contribute to funds and wave a flag, but it is selfish still. Since the day that Jesus proclaimed the essence of greatness to be service, no man has been patriotic who did not forget himself.

So I am doing that now while America passes through the crisis. And I will not forget that the crisis would have been easier if we had been patriotic earlier. When the war is over, and the laws loosen up, and the old avenue of selfish activities are open, I will not enter. I will still be a patriot, and every thought, every deed which I put into our national life will be for a stronger, better America.

Los Angeles, Cal.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON AT LONG BEACH.

The great auditorium of the Long Beach church was filled to overflowing on Sunday morning, June 10, by the graduating class of nearly 200 students of the Polytechnic High School, the faculty and the regular attendance. They had come to listen to the Baccalaureate sermon from Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, whose message was "The Conservation of Life," from the text 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

In earnest, impassioned words the speaker sketched some of the conditions of modern life, emphasizing in particular the universal zeal of industrial and commercial interests in reclaiming and saving to the utmost material formerly allowed to run to waste.

With this vivid picturing of the spirit and accomplishments of the wave of reclamation now sweeping over the land, affecting individual and corporate welfare alike, the young hearers were brought face to face with the momentous question. What should life mean to them?

Pleading in persuasive tones, Pastor Booth said in part:

"I urge upon you all that, no matter what your work may be now, even if it turn, as it may, from the world of books, that you forget not the infinite power that is resident there for the culture of your mental life. I urge upon you that you shall remember how much of a contribution you can receive through the literature of the past to your mental life. I beg of you that you shall keep yourselves abreast of all the issues and problems of the hour, that you read much, think deeply, meditate profoundly upon the significance of life itself, that, in a word, the resources that are offered you so freely today by our modern world for culture and mental development shall be by you used to their greatest possible extent, that you shall not dwindle, that you shall not idle your lives away, that you shall not think that your task is over, and that you shall not imagine that your mental development is complete. And may I also ask you to remember that in every life there are resources that are as yet unused, that our leading educators are telling us today that there is probably no individual that ever reaches the full limit of his development within the brief span of our human life.

"Some of you may be called to the baptism of fire and to wear the red badge of courage in that inferno of destruc-

tion yonder in France whose lurid fires flame night and day, but most of you will be called to the no less heroic tasks of endurance and fidelity to duty in the homeland, to "do your bit" by loyal and gallant service in shop and farm, in business-house and home. And to you comes the word of the Master to his disciples by Galilee's shore "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost."

"It is a challenge to make the most of every resource, physical, mental and spiritual, to use to the utmost the undeveloped and unutilized powers of your lives, to meet the acid-test of this hour with mental and moral efficiency. And as you thus answer the summons of country and of Christ, conserving, developing, unfolding, growing, gathering up the waste products, the fragments of duty and opportunity, and offering them unto men, lo, another miracle takes place, and what seemed but a mere morsel may feed a multitude. And thus, touched by the Master, your small and modest and to you insignificant life may become a source of power to mankind. Take with you, then, into these troubled days, this strong and steadying truth, and remember that as you learn this lesson of the conservation of life you can best serve your country and your God."

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH OF THE W. B. M. P. AND THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

One sits down to report the missionary meeting at Redwood City with a great sense of satisfaction. The day was so beautiful, the attendance one that taxed the seating capacity of the church; the hospitality of the Redwood church unusually thoughtful, with its auto drives about the surrounding country dring the noon hour, and the program so inspiring and suggestive.

Space does not permit of a detailed account of the reports which were so encouraging, both as regards work done and plans for the future. Among the subjects presented were the Home and Foreign Missionary box work, Young People's work, the new Mission Study books, Thankoffering boxes; the material prepared for use in the Sunday Schools during the fall months and the Armenian Relief work.

The principal speaker of the morning was Mrs. William Wallace of Mexico. A missionary to that country under the Presbyterian Board, she charmed all hearts by her abundant vitality and humorous interpolations as she told us of her love for the Mexican people and the blessings attendant upon the reconstruction made possible and necessary for the work among them by the first revolutionary activities, whereby the mission fields were rearranged at the meeting of the Cincinnati Congress according to the principles of efficiency, portions being allotted to each denomination. Another hopeful feature was the combining of forces in educational institutions in which the Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists unite to form one strong theological training center. The Wallace name has been associated with Mexico missions for over thirty-five years and Mr. William Wallace is now the Presbyterian representative on the faculty of the Union Theological Seminary at Chihuahua, of which Dr. Howland of the American Board is president. As many auxiliaries have studied "Old Spain and New America" and "Mexico Today" in their study classes this year, much interest was evinced in the costumes and curios which Mrs. Wallace brought.

Two main addresses took up most of the afternoon session, the first being an account by Mr. DeKay of the C. S. S. and P. S. of a trip taken through Trinity County in company with Mr. Anderson, pastor of our Congregational church in Weaverville, the only one in the county. A unique and fortunate situation is here presented; a church and a pastor of one mind as to the religious needs of the whole county, and their individual willingness to assume that responsibility by giving up one service each Sunday that the pastor may minister to these others. It was most fascinating to hear of the trip Mr. McKay took with pastor Anderson through the heights and depths of that most beautiul and isolated region. Every where they found people hungry and thirsty for the gospel after years of privation and eager to help in the organization of Sunday Schools that the children might not grow up in ignorance of religious things. The public school penetrates these fastnesses and in one of the settlements the young school teacher, in this her first charge, is rising to the opportunity afforded her in service to the community at large. By such lonely workers as these, the co-operation of the Sunday School Society is eagerly welcomed. Pastor Anderson needs a Ford in order to carry on the work in this large parish.

At this point in the program a diversion was created through the presentation of a short burlesque on missionary meetings, entitled, "How Not To Do It," an importation from our Southern California friends, which was given by a group of Berkeley ladies all of the "pillars" and scarcely to be recognized in their new characters. The haphazard method of procedure in conducting a meeting from the tardy leader down through the vague and careless officers, caused much merriment and some furtive blushing on the part of the audience, which, however, vigorously applauded the admirable talent displayed.

Mr. Burleigh V. Matthews of India brought the last message of the afternoon. He has charge of the West Circle of the Madura Mission in Southern India, with headquarters in Battalagunda, where Mrs. Matthews has charge of the Boarding School, the Hindu Girls' Schools and the Bible women. Here are developed the native workers so necessary for the future spread of the Gospel through India's millions. Surrounded constantly by the Christian atmosphere while in attendance at the schools during the formative period, a deep impression is made and the pupils return home to their villages to exert a wholesome influence. The seclusion of India women makes the Girls' schools of the very highest importance in the development of Christianity. Many instances were given illustrating the devotion of the scholars to their school and the spread of the new ideas. Mr. Matthews and his wife expected to sail from San Francisco some weeks ago as their year of furlough had expired, but they are detained by the ill health of Mrs. Matthews who is now in the Sanatarium at Belmont.

The afternoon closed with a soprano solo by Miss Stevens, daughter of the pastor of the Redwood Church, after which all departed full of appreciation of the hospitality of the entertaining ladies and with a sense of spiritual uplift.

E. S. B.

DISTRICT ASSOCIATION MEETING AT ALTURAS.

A meeting unique in the Religious history of Modoc county was held in Alturas May the twenty-ninth and thirtieth, it being the first District Association of any religious body ever held in this county. Another unique feature of the meeting was the ordination of a man to the Christian Ministry in this county.

Four churches were represented by their respective pastors and delegates as follows: Alturas, Adin, Likely and

Fort Bidwell.

The program was arranged to give those little acquainted with Congregationalism an idea of what it is, what it does and what it hopes to be.

Every session was full of interest and every one seemed desirous of giving and getting all the helpfulness and encouragment possible to take home to these pioneer missionary churches.

The harmony that grows out of love and respect for ones fellows characterized every meeting, business and social.

About fifty persons sat down to a Fellowship supper which was served by the ladies of the Alturas church, in the church parlors, Tuesday evening, and which was a delightful occasion for all present.

Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, Rev. C. H. C. Jackson was ordained, the program being as follows:

Invocation, Mr. J. C. Jarman, Scripture, Rev. J. C. Crook, Sermon, Dr. L. D. Rathbone, Ordaining prayer, Rev. W. H. Youngman, Charge to Pastor and Right Hand of Fellow- Dr. L. D. Rathbone, Benediction, Rev. C. H. C. Jackson.

It was voted to hold the Association meeting annually, the first regular one to be in Fort Bidwell the second week of next September.

The presence and counsel of Dr. Rathbone were invaluable.

WINIFRED C. BOWMAN, Scribe.

POWER-FORCES.

Joseph Henry Ayres.

What are the strongest forces which abide?
The shell, the sword, the canon's angry roar—
The restless billows of the heaving tide—
Which sigh, and surge, and toss forevermore?

Not these, ah no—however great and strong—
Seek answer in the silent mystery,
Or where the gentle forces sing their song,
Or live their life of quiet ministry.

Beneath the sea, beneath the solid land,
What force exists to hold things in control
Unseen and silent! Who can understand
How move the stars, while countless ages roll!

Hast tho't how much the beautiful doth bring
To strengthen and to brighten all life's way?
The hills and fields seem to rejoice and sing,
The seasons have new wonders to display!

The glory of the dawn, the sunset light,
Far out where earth and sky as lovers meet,
What silent power prepares the day, the night,
And brings to Nature dreams and rest most sweet!

The coral insects build beneath the sea,
Each gives its life a willing sacrifice,
And lo, at last, in wond'rous unity,
An Island fair, an earthly Paradise!

The snowflakes falling gently one by one,
Afar on prairie and the mountain's crest,
Sparkling as diamonds in the morning sun,
Will cause the earth to bloom with lovliness!

The seedling of the tender plant or tree,
Which finds a lodgment o'er the boulder's heart—
Vain were the winds in their intensity—
Behold the giant rocks are split apart!

It is the quiet forces, true and great,
Which mould the world and soothe its grief and care.
The power of love—oh, who can estimate!
Canst measure with a scale, thy mother's prayer?

The babe in all its innocence and grace,
Holds, unaware, the scepter of true power—
The destiny of nations and of race,
Depends upon the fruit of chilhood's flower.

What noble lives, the strong, the brave and true—
Bloom oft as flow'rs in place obscure, unknown,
In quietness beneath the skies of blue,
There Nature often doth mature her own!

What power hath friendship to make life complete,
To bless, inspire and to dispel our fears!
The bond which time and distance makes more sweet,
Through sunshine and thro' shadow of the years!

Intelligence and hope and faith serene,
What power have these to lift and purify!
What joy and strength, when sorrow's clouds are seen,
To know the stars still shine—and God is nigh!

Oh, where the warriors of the distant Past!
Behold the Christ, the gentle Prince of Peace!
His rule of love, His rule of truth will last
When power of force and power of might shall cease.

Littleton, Colo.

PILGIRM CHURCH, POMONA.

On May 19th recognition was had at the morning worship of the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of this church. Charles B. Sumner, D.D., who organized the church and served it for eight months as pastor, or until called to undertake the secretaryship of Pomona College which had just been started, was present and brought tender and instructive words of greetings. Letters were read from Rev. George E. Soper and Rev. Albert P. Davis, former pastors, and the sermon was preached by the present pastor. Mrs. Frary, whose late husband, Lucian H. Frary D.D., for fifteen years most devotedly watched over Pilgrim, was present as were seven of the charter members who are still connected with Pilgrim. Mention was made of the fact that Mr. Charles M. Stone is now in his nineteenth year as treasurer, Mr. John P. Storrs in his seventeenth year as superintendent of the Bible School, and Mr. F. E. Adams in his fourteenth year as financial secretary of Pilgrim.

In colaboration with Professor Walter E. Hartley, the organist and choirmaster of Pilgrim, the pastor prepared the text and setting of a drama of the parable of the "Ten Virgins" and the same was presented in Pilgrim on Sunday evening April 29th and repeated in Bridges Hall, Pomona College, Claremont on the first Sunday in June. Mr. Hartley is at the head of the organ department of Pomona College and does considerable work in the field of composition. Five of the musical numbers used in the drama were original with Mr. Hartley. The impression which the drama made before the Claremont audience may be gathered from the letter here set down from a prominent citizen of that community; "From a full heart I want to thank you for your share in the remarkable presentation of Biblical truth which it was my pleasure to hear and see in Bridges Hall

last evening. It was tremendously impressive. You have given us something which once seen cannot be forgotten. It is a contribution to the forces which make for righteousness. I hope that many audiences may have the opportunity of feeling the vividness of its message. I am sure these sincere but incompetent words express the feelings of all who were present."

On the evening of Memorial Sunday Pilgrim Church held an International Memorial service. The flags of the Allies were displayed; Russian, British, French, Italian and American national muic was sung; and readings and addresses suitable for the occasion were given.

AN EVENTFUL DAY IN THE LAKE AVENUE CHURCH OF PASADENA.

Sunday June 3rd, was an eventful day for the Lake Avenue Church of Pasadena. The occasion was the reopening of the main church building after its having been closed two months during which time extensive repairs have been made. The repairs have included new foundations in part, enlarged vestibule, replastering, tinting, decorating, new sliding doors between the church parlors and auditorium, and the installation of a modern indirect lighting system. In addition, the social hall, beginners rooms, and kitchen have been painted and tinted throughout, new class rooms arranged for the junior department, and a splendid floor covering of cork carpet laid in the social hall. These improvements put the church plant in first class condition, both practically and artistically, and will enable it to render a finer community service and wield a larger influence than ever before. The total expense incurred was nearly four thousand dollars. As the church had just closed a successful campaign the first of the year, whereby all indebtedness was wiped out and the apportionment for benevolences paid in full, it was voted not to attempt to raise but fifteen hundred dollars of this new and unexpected obligation and carry the balance over to another year. But after Superintendent Kenngott's telling sermon on Sunday morning, when the matter was presented to the congregation this amount was quickly over-subscribed and the total pledges brought up to about two thousand dollars. Rev. L. P. Hitchcock of the Neighborhood preached a most appropriate sermon at the evening service bringing to a fitting close this day of high privilege and note for this church. Rev. James H. Lash, the pastor is just closing his ninth year with this church, being at the present time the senior pastor of the city in point of years of service here.

THE REVEREND EDWARD F. GOFF.

The Reverend Edward Fade Goff, for eleven years the pastor of the church at Riverside and for the last ten years the business manager of Pomona College, passed away at the hospital at Riverside following an operation, on May the thirteenth. Although Mr. Goff had been out of the pulpit so many years, he was still greatly beloved by the people of his former parish and by a wide circle of friends, endeared to him by his generous and affectionate spirit, and by his sterling Christian character. Mr. Goff had an extroardinary aptitude for business and might readily have accumulated a fortune had he so desired; instead he gave himself steadily and unselfishly to the serviec of the church, first in the pulpit for more than thirty years, and then in the devoted service of the college that he loved. He bore a long illness with unbroken hopefulness and cheer, and finished with joy a course of unstained honor and fidelity.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco Mr. S. A. Queen, Secretary of the State Board of Charities, will give an address.

The Rev. Earl H. Weed, a member of the 1917 class in the Pacific School of Religion, goes this week for work in the Red Cross Ambulance Corps in France.

The effort to get the Rev. Dr. Bradley of Worcester, Massachusetts, to reconsider the call from the First Congregational Church of San Francisco was not successful.

The Rev. W. A. Burr has resigned as pastor at Hemet in Riverside county and has accepted a call as assistant pastor in Pilgrim Church, Pomona. He will enter on the work in Pomona the first of July.

The Rev. M. J. Minkler, pastor of the Sunset Congregational Church, San Francisco, expects to go in a few weeks for Y. M. C. A. work at the war front in France. He has offered himself for a chaplaincy, and the Y. M. C. A. work is likely to be temporary only.

Mr. Holland Burr, a graduate of Union Theological Seminary, New York City, has entered the pastorate of the Union Congregational Church at Hawthorne, near Los Angeles. Mr. Burr is a son of the Rev. W. N. Burr, one of our long-time faithful workers in California, and for many years a regular contributor to The Pacific.

The Fisk University Jubilee Singers will be in San Francisco and vicinity for several weeks, beginning July 15. Letters addressed to Mr. H. Huber Clark, the manager, General Delivery, San Francisco, will reach him. If you have heard the Jubilee Singers you will be wishing to hear them again of course. If you haven't heard them, you don't know what a treat you are missing.

The baccalaureate sermon at Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon, was given on June 10th by the Rev. A. B. Patten. His theme was: "Mobilizing Our Ideals and Convictions." Mr. Patten's work in the church at Forest Grove has opened with promise. Ten new members were received recently, five on confession, and several more will be received the first Sunday in July. The Church is trying the Open Forum at its mid-week meetings, and with deepening interest. A speaker is called in to open up on some live theme, with a ten-minute address. Then come questions and answers; a general discussion follows, and then the speaker who opened the consideration takes five minutes for a closing presentation.

AN ARIZONA LETTER.

Dear Pacific:

I was greatly interested in Dr. Pond's account of the Arizona Conference. I am sure that he has interpreted the spirit of that "big" little meeting with his usual rare insight and sympathy. Certainly the conference was blessed by his presence and inspired by his messages.

As one also present I can assure your readers that the statements as to the facts concerning the Arizona churches are in the main correct. One little item may be noticed, however, requiring slight alteration in the interests of accuracy. The report reads concerning the Tempe Church: "And the building of a parsonage is about to be undertaken at a cost of $1050, towards which $400 are already subscribed."

The fact is that the minister and his family have been occupying for some time a beautiful nine-room brick parsonage which actually cost $3,300.00 and which is entirely paid for except the loan of $1500.00, generously made without interest by the Building Society.

It may be interesting also to record that a new church has been organized by Mr. Guild at Mayer with thirty-five charter members, since the Conference meeting and that the Phoenix church is ready for organization, with nearly forty enrolled. It is planned to hold a special meeting of the Conference soon after the National Council for the recognition of these new churches.

Tempe, Arizona, June 12, 1917.

CLIFFORD NOTT HAND.

YEAR BOOK ERRORS.

Through an unfortunate mistake the names of the following members of Seattle Association are reported in the recently issued Year Book as not belonging to any association in the United States. The star should not appear in connection with any of these names: Revs. Chas. H. Curtis, Horace C. Mason, Harry M. Painter, Albert L. Knudson, J. A. Henry, Sydney Strong, T. Robert Elwell, J. William Carson, W. Stanley Carne, Chas. H. Shank. The name of E. Victor was also omitted altogether, but should have been included.

T. ROBT. ELWELL.

The Home

STILL THEY ARE NEAR.

When God calls home the dear ones whom we love
To dwell with Him in perfect peave above,
We cannot feel that He has loosed the tie
Which bound our human hearts on earth; so I
Find comfort in the thought that they may be
My guardian angels, keeping watch o'er me.
For sometimes when my heart and I need cheer,
These loved ones seem to hover very near.
I almost feel the touch of each dear hand
Upon my own, to help me understand
I still am their's and they are mine, e'en though
They dwell in heaven, I on earth below.
No broken ties, but just a veil between
My earthly vision and that world unseen!
A little time to wait while loved ones there
Keep tender watch o'er me, till I may share
Their perfect peace and God's most perfect love,
Known unto those who dwell with Him above.

—Mary D. Brine, in Christian Endeavor World.

FRETTERS AND WHINERS.

John Wesley wrote once: "I no more dare to fret than I dare curse and swear." Later he explained that his wonderful mother, Susannah Wesley, would not allow fretting or whining in her house. She taught her children, from the first, to "cry softly," and counted it a sin to fret.

Fretters and whiners did not live and die in the days of John and Charles Wesley. We have them with us yet; not children only, but men and women, and I don't know which is worst. I don't wonder that Susannah Wesley chased the thing out of her house as if it were a pest. is a pest.

It begins at the beginning. I know a child who always whines. I regarded her as simply a whining child, who had been suffered to acquire the whining habit—until one day her mother called me on the telephone, and then I knew. The tone of voice, the whine, to the life! No, it was not hereditary, it was imitation, pure and simple, done to perfection, and acquired as a habit to last the poor child till her dying day, till her last breath flickers out in a fretful, expiring whine.

For my part, that whine over the telephone sours the day for me. I hang up the receiver and say to myself:

"Oh, if that woman only would use a cheerful voice! It would help so much!" I don't suppose she knows she is a whiner and has made her little girl a whiner, too.

Are you sure you are not a fretter and whiner, yourself? Did you learn it from your mother? Are you teaching it to your children? They are great imitators; that is the way they get most of their mental, moral and physical habits—from the grown people to whom they look for example.

Even if you don't whine and fret with your voice, do you do it with your face? Is it full of wrinkles, sour and cross-looking, as if you lived on a diet of pickles? See such a face, and you can be pretty sure it is the show-window of a fretter, and that when the mouth opens and a noise comes out, it will be a whine.

* * * * *

At bottom, the thing starts with a negative point of view. Such people always say "no" and "but." It is a fine day, but it rained yesterday, and probably will rain tomorrow. Bessie is a lovely girl, but her father is so homely, and she will look like him when she is an old woman. Yes, you may go out to play, but I know you will tear your dress, etc., etc. You know the type; never out of sight of the cloudy side of life.

You can't cure it in your child until you have cured it in yourself. Look out and look up, and smile! A smile is legal tender in every corner of the world. You may not speak a word of Chinese or Eskimo, or Yiddish, or whatever, but your smile will unlock hearts in any spot on earth. Especially with children, and more especially in your own home.

Smile when the baby tumbles down—it's so much better than a panic-stricken, woe-begone face and too sympathetic voice. With a smile and a pat and a kiss the child will stop crying and run about his play again. Try this from the very beginning; don't begin by letting him fret and cry every time he is hurt or can't have his own way. Laugh it off and suggest something else.

One reason children fret is because they are not kept busy. Teach them to keep themselves busy, suggest things for them to do or make for some one else. "Sunshine and Service" are the watchwords.

* * * * *

I have in mind one lovely mother whose life for almost the whole period of my acquaintance with her has been one almost unbroken succession of bereavements; one cruel shock and sorrow after another. She is a woman of keenest perception and intense feeling; but never in my whole friendship with her have I heard her whine, or fret, or complain. Always she has a cheery smile and encouraging word for others.

Her face is a benediction; instead of being full of little "worry-wrinkles" and "crow's-feet" about the eyes, the few lines of her face serve to emphasize her strength and sweetness of character. She has told me repeatedly that she had to fight for this poise that seems to hold her so free from worry. Her continual service for others is the largest part of it, I am sure, and she has brought her children up with the idea that to be sunny and cheerful is the only way to live and to get the sweetness out of life; that they must always think of something they can do for some

one else. And they do it. In the town where they live, the family name is a synonym for helpfulness and public spirit.

The minute you go into that home you sense the atmosphere of love and thoughtfulness. It shows, in a home where this spirit lives, not in gifts, but in cheery words and thoughtful little acts. It may be only a flower or a book or kindly motion at the right moment, but, oh, how it warms the cockles of your old heart when the little children of their own accord bring you something with a smile!

* * * * *

Is there anything lovelier than a child's smile? Cultivate and encourage it, as you would an orchid. Believe me, a selfish child is a manufactured thing; manufactured by affirmative example or neglect, or taught selfishness by the necessity of self-defence, or "looking out for Number One" in a selfish household. And the child who does not smile is an advertisement of bad surroundings and bad influences right at home.

Is it too much to ask even a very little child to pick a few flowers to carry with you to a sick friend, or to do some other self-forgetful act, every day? Yes, you have to think of the things to do at first, but the habit is easy to teach and easy to learn, and the little child responds to it eagerly. The Boy Scout takes up with avidity his duty "to do a kind act every day." The little child takes to it as a duck to water. But he will not think much of your words if your own acts belie them; nor will he be interested if you show yourself indifferent.

Get him to dictate to you a letter to his old grandparents, or if he is old enough, to write a note, draw a picture, pick flowers, help you make a glass of jelly, make a basket, do something—anything, every day for somebody else.

You will find before you know it that you have stopped the whining; there is no time for it and you are all looking at life through sunny spectacles. The thing will radiate through the whole house. Father will feel it when he comes home at night.

It takes lots of strength of character to be a good mother; heaven knows there are lots of poor ones; but to be a good one, to keep cheerful and sweet so that the whiners and fretters will have no place near you, means work. But it is worth while.—Prudence Bradish in New York Post.

For The Children.

HANNAH ELLA.

Edgar was four years old that very morning, and when he came down stairs for his breakfast he was greeted with a chorus of "Happy Birthday" from grandmother, father, mother and the twins, and when he climbed into his chair he found his plate surrounded with presents. Of all the presents none was more highly prized than the pink-and-white gingham apron from grandmother. Of course that was about thirty-five years ago when little boys wore aprons that covered the whole front of their dresses. Dresses and aprons, you know, go together.

"Would you like to go with me to the barn and see what Betty has out there?" asked father after breakfast.

Edgar hurried down from his chair and followed his father out to the barn and Betty's stall, and as he looked in he saw a new little calf.

"Is Betty going to give it to me for a birthday present?" asked Edgar.

"Why—perhaps—of course she will," replied his father, who had not thought of such a nice gift, and neither had Betty.

"Isn't it wobbly," remarked Edgar, as the tottering calf sought its mother's side, "and hasn't it long legs?"

"It is a bit shaky, but it will come along all right," replied his father.

Edgar was delighted with Betty's gift and named it Hannah Ella, after the twins, which he felt was the highest evidence of his love for them, and the supreme honor for the calf.

Hannah Ella grew rapidly, and her shaky legs soon learned to navigate properly and she could jump and run faster than Betty or even Edgar himself.

Edgar shared his cakes, and apples, and candy with her, and she would come and put her nose through the pasture bars whenever he came near.

Hannah Ella was four months old, and had grown to be a strong, well-developed, beautiful calf.

"Edgar," called his father one morning, "hold your apron, and let me put this piece of rock-salt into it, and you carry it to the barn for me; my hands are full with these two pails." As his father placed the salt in Edgar's apron he asked, "Is this a new apron?"

"Yes, grandmother made it for me yesterday; isn't she good to me?"

"She is indeed," said his father.

When they got back to the barn his father placed the salt in Betty's manger, and Edgar saw her tongue rasp over it as if it was the best thing in all the world.

"Where's Hannah Ella? I want to show her my new apron," and Edgar hurried out to the pasture.

It seemed but a few minutes he was gone, when his father heard a loud cry of alarm from the pasture, and he hurried out of the barn to learn the cause.

Edgar was close up against the bars and Hannah Ella was apparently trying to pull him through. She had hold of his new apron and was pulling and chewing with all her strength, and Edgar was holding on to the bars and crying for help.

His father ran rapidly to his aid, and pulled him away from the bars and Hannah Ella, but with sad results to the new apron, for quite a rent was made in it.

"Hannah Ella—wanted—my—new—apron—and tried to—to—take it," sobbed Edgar in his father's arms. "I—I—just—wanted—to—let—her her—see it, and—"

"No, no, Edgar, Hannah Ella didn't want to take your apron, she smelled the salt on it, and she wanted the salt because she likes it better than any candy or cake that you feed her. Let us go up to the kitchen and get her some out of mother's salt box."

Mother's salt-box needed refilling very often after that. —F. E. Graeff.

THREE BOYS AND A CLOCK

Three boys in a house were told to go and take the exact time by a clock in the town. The first lad went, looked at the clock,came back and said:

"It is twelve o'clock."

In after life he became a prosaic bookseller.

The second boy was more exact. He said, on returning, that it was three minutes past twelve. He became a doctor.

The third lad looked at the clock, found out how long it had taken him to walk back to the house, returned to the clock, then added the time of his walk to the time of the clock and reported the result thus:

"It is at this moment twelve hours ten minutes and fifteen seconds."

That boy came to distinction as Helmholtz, the scientist.—London Daily News.

Suggested Program for Patriotic Sunday, July 1, 1917.

1. Doxology.
2. Opening Prayer. (Insert.)
3. Statement of purpose of Patriotic Sunday. (Insert.)
4. Song—"God Bless Our Native Land." Tune, Italian hymn.
5. Responsive Reading (Print Psalm 46 or Psalm 24 or Romans 13: 1-7.)
6. Intercessory Prayer.
7. "God Bless Our Men." (Tune America.) (Insert C.)
8. Patriotic Messages. (Print from utterances of Wilson or Lincoln.)
9. Song—"America."
10. The Story of the Flag.
11. The raising of the flag while the "Star Spangled Banner" is played with Boy Scout Bugle Salute if possible.
12. Song—"Star Spangled Banner."
13. Salute to the Christian Flag by all "I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Saviour for whose Kingdom it stands; one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love."
14. Salute to the American Flag by all "I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."
15. Recitation—"Old Glory." James Whitcomb Riley.
16. Song— "Your Flag and My Flag" By Wilbur D. Nesbit. (Copyright.)
17. Statement of Work of Red Cross.
18. President's letter to Sunday Schools. (Insert.)
19. Pass out Red Cross Registration Blanks.
20. Offering for Red Cross received.
21. Recognition of the living soldiers present who have served the Nation in previous Wars.
22. Recognition of those who are serving or have enlisted as soldiers or nurses in the present war. A list of their names should be kept in a prominent place in your Sunday School room. Suggest daily prayer for these and their families.
23. A statement of Patriotiic Service for period of war.
24. Closing hymn—"God Save Our Native Land." (Any Church Hymnal.)

(Material to be inserted.)

2. Opening Prayer.

"Merciful God, we come unto Thee pleading for mercy. Bless us at this service. May its purpose resound to Thy glory. Cause Thy light to shine upon us that Thy way may be our way and Thy thoughts our thoughts, and that we may honor Thee and serve Thee through Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

3. Statement of purpose of Patriotic Sunday—Supt. or Pastor.

Today has been designated "Patriotic Sunday" because it is nearest Independence Day. The purpose of "Patriotic Sunday" as proposed by the International Sunday School Association, endorsed by President Wilson and many of the Governors of the various States, and approved by Conference of Denominational Representatives at Philadelphia, May 30th, is to:

Pray for all belligerents and the advancement of Christ's Kingdom.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S MESSAGE INDORSING "PATRIOTIC SUNDAY" TO BE OBSERVED JULY 1.

To the Officers, Teachers and Scholars of the Sunday Schools of the United States of America:

The present insistent call of our beloved country must be heard and answered by every citizen of the United States in proportion to his or her ability to maintain the national power and honor. Many citizens will render their aid by force of arms on the battlefield while others will make the nation strong by their patriotic gifts and support to the common cause. It is therefore highly fitting that the Sunday Schools of the nation should observe a special patriotic day and on this occasion should make a special contribution to the American Red Cross for the alleviation of the suffering entailed by the prosecution of the present war. It is my earnest hope that your generosity may be unstinted in this, the hour of the nation's need, and that this special day may mean much to you in the understanding of the cause for which our beloved land now contends.

WOODROW WILSON.

Express gratitude to God for our Nation;

To enlist all Sunday School members in some form of patriotic service;

To enroll as members of the Red Cross Society the officers, teachers, and as many others in the Sunday School as wish to join;

To make an offering toward the Red Cross Society.

5. Song—"God Bless our Native Land." Tune, Italian Hymn.

God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise,
To God above the skies,
On Him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh;
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

6. Prayer.

Almighty and everlasting Father, by Whose word the world assumed its form and from whom flows every good and perfect gift, we come to Thee and praise Thee that we are privileged to call Thee Father.

We praise Thee that Thou art the Ruler of Heaven and Earth and that Thou hast made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth and hast determined the bounds of their habitation.

We praise Thee that in the pursuit of human and religious liberty Thou didst lead Thy children to land upon the shores of this continent and that in due time Thou didst cause this Nation to be established, dedicated to the ideas of righteousness and human liberty.

We thank Thee for this Nation. We thank Thee for its intercessions and ministries during the past generations on behalf of the oppressed and afflicted peoples of the earth. We thank Thee for its high ideals and unselfish purposes in this present world war. We pray Thee that it may ever hold to the high ideals that will glorify Thee,

We come to Thee in humility praying that Thou wilt cleanse us from all sins both national and personal. We beseech Thee that all our purposes may be unselfish and in accordance with Thy Will.

Bless, we beseech Thee, all the warring countries. Hasten the day when the Rulers of all the Nations may see the folly of deciding international differences by the sword. Hasten the day when all forms of autocracy shall be dethroned and the world be made safe for democracy. Especially bless our present national enemies that they may know the Christ and His Truth which maketh all men free.

Bless our own Nation. Especially bless the President of these United States that he may not err in vision nor stumble in judgment. Surround him with counselors who shall not seek their own, but Thy glory. Give unto them wisdom, that their acts may result in giving the peoples of the whole world liberty to serve Thee according to the dictates of their consciences and the light of Thy Word.

Bless, we beseech Thee, our soldiers and sailors who must needs fight to maintain the ideals of this Nation. In their life or death on land or sea, may they glorify Thee. If sick or wounded grant to them the consciousness of Thy presence and the physical, mental and spiritual ministries of Thy representatives.

We thank Thee for the Red Cross Society. May the angels of mercy belonging thereto be given special grace to comfort and heal the sick and

wounded. May their resources of persons and supplies not fail. Help them, we pray.

Now, our Father, may we be true to Thee and our country. May we all serve Thee faithfully whether we serve at home or at the battle fronts. May we bear our cross without murmurings, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

7. "God Bless Our Men." Tune, America.

God bless our splendid men,
Bring them safe home again,
God bless our men.
Keep them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us,
God save our men.

8. Patriotic Messages.

"We must put excited feeling away. Our notice will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion." —President Wilson.

"There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making—we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are not common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life.

"With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States; that it formerly accept the status of belligerent which has been thrust upon it and take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the government of the German Empire to terms and end the war."—President Wilson.

15. Your Flag and My Flag. (Copyrighted.)

Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true-blue,
With stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day;
A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and blue and white.
The one flag, the great flag—
The flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—
The red and white and blue!

18. President's Wilson's Message endorsing "Patriotic Sunday" to be observed July 1.

To the Officers, Teachers and Scholars of the Sunday Schools of the United States of America:

The present insistent call of our beloved country must be heard and answered by every citizen of the United States in proportion to his or her ability to maintain the national power and honor. Many citizens will render their aid by force of arms on the battlefield while others will make the nation strong by their patriotic gifts and support to the common cause. It is therefore highly fitting that the Sunday Schools of the nation should observe a special patriotic day and on this occasion should make a special contribution to the American Red Cross for the alleviation of the suffering entailed by the prosecution of the present war. It is my earnest hope that your generosity may be unstinted in this,the hour of the nation's need, and that this special day may mean much to you in the understanding of the cause for which our beloved land now contends.—President Wilson.

23. A Statement of Patriotic Service for the Period of the War.

At a meeting in Philadelphia on Memorial Day of National Denominational Sunday School leaders, it was decided to make "Patriotic Sunday" the beginning of a sustained Sunday School Service Program for the period of the war. A committee of five, three from the denominations and two from the international Sunday School Association, was designated by the conference for the purpose of planning such a program for the Sunday Schools whose purpose would be to cooperate with all War Relief agencies and the United States Government.

The suggestion is made to the local Sunday School that a representative permanent committee be appointed to be ready to carry out whatever program of activities the National Sunday School Patriotic Service Committee may decide upon.

All our contributions should be sent directly to the Board of Sunday Schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Garland Building, Chicago—See Editorial Note on page four in reference to President Wilson's appeal. Also page 24 for the Sunday School Board's directions.

FAITH AND HEALTH.

The faith that expects only spiritual blessings from God is only a half faith. God reigns on earth as well as in heaven; he is Lord of the body as well as of the soul. It is poor sort of faith, too, that is afraid of miracles. It is not easy to see how God can answer any prayer without a miracle. The prayer of faith leaves the method of the answer with God. It does not matter about the miracle. To ask God to work some wonder just to display his power would be blasphemy, and to tell him too precisely just what he should do for us would be presumption; but with every burden faith turns to him.

Such faith—the faith that has blossomed into love—is true godliness, and it has promise of this life and of that which is to come. That the mind greatly influences the body is no new truth. It has been known since the world began. But the mind is by no means absolute. It is dependent in its turn. What is still more important, no man is absolute lord even over his mind. Neither is it likely that perfection, mental or physical, would be best even for the most saintly. Paul needed a "thorn in the flesh" to keep him humble, to hold him to sympathetic relations with his fellows. A "thorn" in the mind would have served the same purpose. Fortunately, it requires only a slight acquaintance with even the greatest to discover enough littleness to convince us that they are quite human. The eccentricities of genius and the blunders of the scholar are an ancient theme. Such mental flaws save the great man from egotism and his admirers from hero worship.

If some mental imperfection is not only unavoidable, but desirable, much more physical defects may be so. The body must be the servant of the soul; and only God can know whether it can serve best in perfect health or in weakness and pain, and whether long life or early death is best.

Faith trusts the wisdom of God and bows to his will. It reaches out for so great a prize that the little things of life, even life itself, can only be counted as very little things in comparison. Moreover, it has committed all the little things, and the great things besides, to Him who is able to keep them. He who has such a faith is delivered from fear. He is delivered from mental anxiety—that most fatal of all diseases. He is buoyed by an unfailing hope, the greatest source of mental healing.

THE PEACE OF OBEDIENCE.

One of the great preachers of the last generation magnified and glorified what he called the peace of obedience. His idea was that when a man had his mind made up and his destiny before him, and was in the place that God had appointed to him, willingly and joyfully accepting the duties and obligations that came, he might expect a great joy and rest and quietness of spirit. It didn't make any difference whether life was hard or easy, if it carried with it that feeling and sense of obedience to duty and destiny, it had in it the elements of real joy and satisfaction. But if, on the other hand, it wanted that feeling and conviction it wanted something that nothing else could atone for. And what man is there among us who has lived at all who cannot testify to the soundness of such philosophy. The things in life that have brought us real happiness and satisfaction have not been pleasant or profitable things, but rather the things that lay right along the pathway of duty and the will of God.—The Christian Guardian.

Drink does not make good fighters. It does not turn out good work. Its manufacture uses up good foodstuffs. A nation at war has no use for drink. Russia learned it. France learned it, England learned it. Shall we learn it first—or last?

SOMETHING STRANGE.

In June the sun is up so early,
Four or five or there about,
The air is warm; the dew is pearly;
A lovely time to be up and out,
But the children all lie sleeping
Till mother calls again and again,
(Calling)
"Chil-dren! Tom-my! Ma-ry!
Sam-my! Su-sie! Jer-ry!
Get up! Get up! Get up!

On Christmas Day the sun lies late,
He doesn't rise 'til nearly eight.
The air is cold and it's dreadfully dark,
But early in the morning—hark!
A stir is heard in the children's beds,
An eager lifting of little heads,
And bare feet bounding to the floor,
Though father groans, "Oh, DO sleep some more!"

It isn't any use. They are up and away,
Though it's shivery cold and it's not near day;
Tommy, and Sammy, and Mary,
And even wee Susie and Jerry,
Hop out of bed on Christmas morning
At five, or six, or even four,
And quite refuse to sleep some more,
In spite of parent's warning.
Isn't it strange?

BACK EAST EXCURRIONS

SALE DATES:

June 1, 2, 11, 12, 16, 17, 26, 27, 30.
July 1, 2, 11, 12, 16, 17, SHRDLU
July 1, 2, 16, 17, 24, 25, 31.
August 1, 14, 15, 28, 29.
September 4, 5.

SOME FARES:
(Direct Routes)

Denver, Pueblo	$62.50
Omaha, aKnsas City	67.50
Dallas, Houston, San Antonio	70.00
New Orleans, Memphis. St. Louis	77.50
Chicago	80.00
Minneapolis, Sa. Paul	84.45
Washington, D. C., Baltimore	116.00
New York Philadelphia	118,20
Boston	120.20

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Going Limit—15 days; Return Limit mos. from date of sale (but not later than Oct. 31.)

STOPOVERS: Going—east of Calif. state line; Returning—at all points. See Agents.

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